

The Red Balloon by Ruptured-tears666

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Summary: Bill Denbrough comes home from college to attend a funeral, only to come in contact with the creature haunting his nightmares.

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It had been 9 years since the incident, but Bill remembered every detail. He remembered the big ones, like how he was responsible for what happened to his brother, and the smaller ones, like how his stomach bunched in knots when he grabbed him for the first time. He used to lay awake every night, wondering what was under that chalk white makeup and if the feelings that he felt towards him were based in fear or something else.

It was all in the past now. Bill was now studying at Cambridge University, having moved there as part of an abroad program during his junior year. His parents begged him to at least stay in the country, but Bill felt like he had to get out. He didn't want to stay in the town that had bred so much turmoil in his life, he couldn't even bare to stay in the state. The only reason he would ever go back was for holidays or funerals, which was exactly why he was on a 3AM flight to Maine. It was some distant relative, one of those "third uncle twice-removed" that people are always talking about. Bill had never met him, but he remembered his mother mentioning him during a reunion once. Normally, Bill wouldn't have come home for something like this, but this third uncle happened to be the guy Bill was named after, so he felt obligated to make an appearance. Summer had just begun, so he was in the states anyway. His plan was to go home, lay low for a couple of days, attend the funeral, and then immediately catch the next Greyhound out of town. He was trying to think of ways to convince his parents that his stay had to be brief when a flight attendant informed the plane that they had 6 more hours to go until landing. Bill had managed to stay awake for the majority of the trip, but something about the male flight attendant's sultry voice made him question that decision. The flight attendant then announced that the crew would now be serving lunch, but Bill never heard the announcement. When the attendant came to give Bill his lunch, he was already fast asleep.

Bill ran his fingers across the damp stone walls, carefully tracing every crack and blemish that he could find. "What are you afraid of," asked the

shadowy character behind him, but Bill just smirked and said nothing. He felt the cooling sensation of the man's silky fingers gliding over his neck and then moving slightly lower to his shoulders. Bill let out a short breath, hoping that the other man wouldn't notice his tensed frame and mistake it for apprehension. The man continued to move his fingers along Bill's body, stroking the area between his shoulder blades and following his spine down to his rear. Bill let out a slight moan as the man caressed the fabric between his fingers and Bill's throbbing member. "What are you afraid of," the man asked again. Bill put a hand on his companion's Snow White cheek and looked him in the eye. " Nothing."